THE HOVSE OF CORRECTION:

OR,

CERTAYNE SATYRICALL EPIGRAMS.

Written by *I. H.* Gent.

Together with a few Characters, called PAR PARI: *OR,*

Like to like, quoth the Deuill to the Collier.

Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.

Hor. de art Po.

LONDON,

Printed by *Bernard Alsop*, for *Richard Redmer*, and are to be sold at his shoppe at the West end of Saint *Pauls* Church.

1610.

The Authour to his Booke.

COme hither Booke, take counſell. He that goes
Into the world, meetes with a world of foes.
Thy Mother was my Muſe, *a gentle Dame,*
Who much ador'd Appollo's *ſacred name:*
Then being free-borne know that thou art going
Vnto a world of Wits; ſtill freſh, ſtill growing:
Yet wonder not, that I haue got no friend
To write in thy behalfe! What! ſhould I ſend
Thee, like a Seruingman, with Letters? No.
The World ſhall ſee thee firſt; and ſeeing, know
Whether thou merit'ſt prayſe: none ſhall haue cauſe
To be condem'd of folly in the applauſe.
Of thy harſh lines, the worſt that can be thought
Is this, That none would write, they were ſo naught.
Alas, poore Booke, hunt not thou after prayſe,
Nor dare to ſtretch thy hand vnto the Bayes
Vpon a Poets head: let it ſuffice
To thee and me, the world doth vs deſpiſe.
For 'tis a mad World, and it turnes on hinges,
Whilſt ſome a birding goe, and ſet their ſpringes

The Authour to his Booke.

For to catch Woodcocks. Others ſting and bite
Like Waſps and Maſtiffs, and doe take delight
To quarrell with their ſhaddowes, nay, themſelues,
And their owne broode. Sure theſe are ſpitefull elues.
[illegible] at all Writers ſtriue to haue a lerke:
Meddle not with them, leſt thou get a yerke:
And yet their venamous breath (as on a Glaſſe)
No ſooner lighteth, but away doth paſſe.
Then feare them not. The Wiſe, which know thee beſt,
Will entertayne thee, as a welcome Gheſt;
Praiſe that's prayſe-worthy, winke at faults but ſmall,
Like thy conceits, and prayſe thy vayne withall.
Yet be not proude, though thou their prayſe doſt gayne,
Remembring what is writ is writ in vayne.
Tis for a better pen then mine to ſay
By God 'tis good, and if you lik't you may.

Lector

EPIGRAMS.

Lectori.

MY Epigrams, like to a wandring Gueſt,
Or *tattard* Souldier, that's but lately *Preſt*,
Your fauour craues, to grant a *Paſſe* vnto them,
A greater kindneſſe you can neuer doe them.

Bibens *his bountie.*

Bibens, to ſhew his liberalitie,
Made *Luſus* drunke. A noble qualitie,
And much eſteemed, which *Bibens* fayne would
To be the Signe of his familiar loue. (proue,
Luſus, beware, thou'lt finde him in the end
Familier Deuill, no familier Friend.

In Ducum.

DVcus keepes houſe: and it with reaſon ſtands,
That he keepe houſe, that ſold away his lands

EPIGRAMS.

Omne Simile non eſt Idem.

TOgether as we walkt, a friend of mine
Miſtook a painted Maddame for a Signe,
That in a window ſtood; but I acquainted,
Told him, it was no woodden Signe was painted,
But Maddam (——.) Yea true, ſayd he,
Yet 'tis a Signe of little modeſtie.

Graue pondus.

WHat tell you vs that *Milo* bore a Bull!
Is that ſo ſtrange? Yon ſilke & ſiluer Gull
Beareth a Countrey Church vpon his backe.
The lighter Bull made *Milo's* ſhoulders ake:
A Steeple on his head, and at his heeles
A Ring of Bells, and yet nor ſtoopes nor reeles.

On

EPIGRAMS.

On a Shoemaker.

WHat *bootes* it thee to follow ſuch a Trade
That's alwayes *vnderſoote* and *vnderlayde*?

On Fuſcus *his valour.*

Fuſcus the Bragart being, in field to fight,
Proteſting of his valour ouernight,
Shaking his Sword, he ſwore, *Now by this hand.*
Ile fight and kill ſo long as I can ſtand.
The Field was pitcht: and now begins the fray;
And *Fuſcus* now begins to runne away,
Nor euer ſtints his courſe, vntill by flight
He had outrunne the danger of the fight.
The Combat ended, *Fuſcus* he was wanting, (ing.
And found ere long, where he for feare ſtood pant-
And thus they mockt him; *You ſwore by your hand,*
You'ld fight and kill ſo long as you could ſtand.
'Tis true (ſayd one,) but pray doe *Fuſcus* right;
For *Fuſcus* neyther ſtood to kill nor fight.

Ad

EPIGRAMS.

Ad Rinaldum amic.

SEe, ſee, *Rinaldus*! Prethee who is that
That weares yon great greene Fether in his hat,
Like to ſome Tilter? Sure it is ſome Knight,
Whoſe wits being greene, his head muſt needs be (light.

In Luſiam.

Luſia, who ſcornes all others imitations,
Cannot abide to be out-gone in faſhions:
She ſayes, ſhe cannot haue a Hat or Ruffe,
A Gowne, a Pettycoate, a Band, or Cuffe,
But that theſe Citizens (whom ſhe doth hate)
Will get into't, at nere ſo deare a rate:
But *Luſia* now doth ſuch a faſhion follow,
Whoſe Hayre is Flax, and Band as Saffron yellow,
That there's no Citizen, what ere ſhe be,
Can be transformed ſo like an Owle as ſhe.

In

EPIGRAMS.

In Lincum.

Lincus the Draper, for his more auayle,
Dams vp his lights to ſet his Ware to ſayle;
And counts it (in his Art) a miſterie
To gayne by lying, oaths, and flatterie:
But take this rule, If *Lincus* his lights ſtoppe,
Deeme you his conſcience darker then his ſhoppe.

Deſtruit edificat mutat quadrata rotundis.

A Man there was (which here ſhall not be nam'd)
that with great coſt a wondrous building fram'd;
But as the building roſe, the Builders purſe
Did pine in ſubſtance, (Builders common curſe.)
It coſt him many a pound: but that's no matter.
Slightly being built, the building gan to tatter:
And by miſchance, downe falls of it a part. (heart)
The Workmen (they being glad with all their

Come

EPIGRAMS.

Come to their Maſter, thereof to complayne,
And askt his leaue to ayſe it vp againe.
Nay ſoft (quoth he) it is a queſtion whether
More may fall downe; let's ſet vp all together.

Cannus reformation.

Cannus now will be no more a Ranger,
But Marryed liue, and lye at Rack and Manger.
So meanes not ſhee. Well, if ſhe goe to graſſe,
Hee'll proouc an Oxe, that was before an Aſſe.

On a Maydens choyſe.

A Parent to his Childe this counſell gaue,
Quoth he, My Girle, two Sutters thou muſt haue,
The one is young and faire, vertuous & wiſe,
Of worthieſt Stocke, and rareſt qualities:
The other different, both in age and nature,
Nyther ſo fit, nor yet ſo ſweete a Creature;

Yet

Yet be reſolued, and make that Suiter bleſt
Whom in thy loue thou thinkſt the Worthi.ſt?
Straight ſhe replyes, Since choyce is left to mee,
Nature commands, that Age with Age agree,
Vertue and Loue compell my heart thereto
To loue the youngman; and in truth I doe.
Why, but (ſayd he) be not miſtaken than,
Conceiue, the Elder is the better man.
How ſo, quoth ſhe! it's a *Paradox* to mee,
How being the woorſe, he can the better bee?

In Pigmeum.

LIttle *Pigmeus* weares his Miſtris Gloue,
Her Ring, and Feather, (Fauours of her loue.)
Who could but laugh, to ſee the little Dwarfe
Grace out himſelfe with her imbrodered Scarfe?
'Tis ſtrange, yet true, her Gloue, Ring, Scarfe and Fan,
Makes him (vnhanſome) a welfauoured man.

Flemmius

EPIGRAMS.

Flemminius Sickenesse.

FLemminius nere was ſicke; yet was it ſed
Flemminius he was ſicke, yea, ſicke and dead:
His Friends lamented, ſhedding many a teare:
At length it came vnto *Flemminius* eare,
Who thus gaue anſwer; Neuer let them feare it,
The Newes is ill, yet am I glad to heare it.

In Oblitum.

I Wondred much (as I had wondrous reaſon)
Oblitus ſhould, within ſo ſhort a ſeaſon,
Forſake, forget his old and ancient friend,
For whom he oft had vow'd his life to ſpend:
I was not altred much, but ſo was hee,
From low eſtate, to higher dignitie,
Yet knew I him; hath he forgotten me?
Preferment then hath ſpoyld his memorie:

Yet

Yet this I know, 'Tis but his paltry pelfe.
He knowes me well; but he forgets himſelfe. +

Lucus Iourney.

Lucus that traueld with an hundred pound,
Was rob'd, and left wel beaten, and faſt bound:
But when to ſhare their priz: they had begun,
No miracle was wrought, yet he *vndone.*

Nimis Amor.

TWo friends (that had not met a long time ſince)
Together ſupt: but at their parting thence,
Tom ſwore hee'd haue *Kit* home: but all in vayne.
Kit ſwore as faſt hee'd haue *Tom* backe agayne.
In kindneſſe thus they ſtriue, and ſtriuing goe
From home to home: nor could they end it ſo;
But too and fro, walking through many a Streete:
At now being late, the Conſtable they meete.

Yet

He gaue command; his Bil-men quickly ſtaid them,
And took thē thence, & in the Compter laid them.
And thus by Fortune was a meanes prouided
To end the ſtrife, which could not be decided:
All which was well, but that that fell out worſe;
They ſaued their oath, but could not ſaue their
(purſe.

In Priſcus *commendations of his Miſtris.*

Priſcus commends his Miſtres for a Girle,
Whoſe lips are Rubies, & whoſe teeth are pearle.
They neede prooue ſo, or elſe it will be found
He payes too deare, they coſt him many a pound.

Vltra poſſe nemo eſt eſſe.

HOw ſhould *Ruffillo* loſe his purſe laſt night,
And 20. ſhillings in it? was't not by ſlight?
Why? he came in no crowd. What, did hee play?
No. Hee's no Gameſter. Did he no debts pay?
Nor

Nor Fee no Lawyers? Neyther. Was he not drunk?
Neyther. Nor did beſtow it on his Punke?
Why, then the queſtion's this; If none of theſe,
How ſhould he loſe what he had not to leeſe?

In Rufum.

AS *Rufus* pray's'd his Beauer Hat of late,
One that ſtood by (ſtriking him o're the pate)
Sayd it was *felt*. *Rufus* would not beleeue it.
He ſtroke againe, till *Rufus* did conceiue it.
So darke was the conceit, that out of doubt,
He nere had found, had he not *felt* it out.

In Cornutum.

WHy ſhould *Cornutus* Wife lie in the Strand,
And hee, poore ſilly man, lye in the Citie?
Belike the Shop was not ſufficient man'd.
To part the Head and Members yet 'tis pittie:

But what cares ſhe for head; I hope ſhe ſcornes
Were he ſeauen heads, ſhee'd crowne him with ten (hornes.

Richards mourning.

WHen his old Maſter buried was with coſt,
Dick had a mourning Cloke, but it was loſt.
The Corſe to Churchward goes, ech takes his turne,
But *Dick* took none: for *Richard* could not mourne.
Yes, that he did; the Company he forſooke,
And mourn'd not in, but mourned for his Cloke.

Flaccu's *payment.*

F*Laccus* came to a Tauerne, there to dine,
Cal'd for good ſtore of meat, great ſtore of wine,
The Reckoning brought, *Flaccus* ſayes not a word,
Nor drawes his purſe; but out he drawes his ſword:
Some ſay he proffer'd wrong; but how thinke you?
He drew vpon the *Drawer*, pay'd his due.

He

He owed him the reckoning but of late:
Hath he not scored, and payd him on the pate?

On Iustice *her entertaynment.*

Iustice came downe from heauen of late to be
A perfect Iudge, without partialitie:
But when that *Iustice* to the Bench was come,
The Bench it was so full she had no roome;
So backe she tooke her flight vnto the heauens,
And left the world againe at sixe and seauens.

Iustice *her reward.*

Iustice fledde vp to heauen, some say was blinde:
Why so is many a Iustice left behinde:
But Iustice being blinde, the cause regarded,
Respected none, nor neuer was rewarded.
So say not all, some of the Bench agrees,
That Iustice kept a Clarke to take her fees.

EPIGRAMS.

In Briſcum.

HIs Father being dead, *Briſcus* was told,
And found ere long where was his fathers gold,
All Angels rich, but poorely clad in leather.
Briſcus tooke pitty on them, and ſtraight hither
Sends ſome for *Sattin*, other ſome for *Tiſſue*, (iſſue,
Gloues, *Scarfes*, *Hats*, *Hangers*: but now marke the
They all being freed, did all conſent together,
And took their flight, poor *Briſcus* knows not whi-
which he lamēts, blaming thoſe former kings, (ther,
Who made a Law, he might not clippe their wings.

In Ledam.

BEcauſe I'me black & ſwarſe, *Leda* doth ſcorn me,
And if I marry her, ſhe vowes ſhee'l horne me:
But *Leda*, know (I ſpeak't not in diſgrace)
Your red and white is but a pybauld face.

Enigma.

EPIGRAMS.

Enigma.

AS often as I pleaſe it changeth forme.
It is no Coward, though it doe no harme:
Tis neuer hurt, nor euer doth it feede,
Tis nothing worth, yet nothing doth it neede.
Swiftly it runnes, yet neuer maketh ſound,
And once being loſt, againe 'tis neuer found.
'Tis a fit Seruant for a Gentleman,
And a true patterne for a Seruingman.
'Tis borne a Gyant, liues a Dwarfe, and nigh
Vnto its death, a Gyant doth it dye.

Ad bonos ſocios.

OLd Women told vs tales long time agoe,
Of *Robbin Goodfellow*, what he would doe,
Who now they ſay is gone: but yet wee finde,
There's many of his name are left behinde.

EPIGRAMS.

In Pratum Iur: cons.

I Asked *Pratus* what was his Profeſſion?
He ſayd a *Lawyer*, who by his diſcretion,
Could right and wrong, according to the Law,
To cherriſh Vertue, and keepe Vice in Awe:
I know it contrary, and full of Ire,
Setting his *Awe* aſide, I cal'd him *Liar*.

On Captaine Drake *his Voyage.*

SOme thinke it true, whilſt other ſome do doubt,
Whether Capt. *Drake* compaſt the world about.
Some ſay he did it in the Deuils reine,
And none ere ſince could doe the like againe:
But theſe are al deceiued, why ſhould they doubt it?
They know each yeere there's ſome that *goe about it.*

Ad A-

EPIGRAMS.

Ad amicam.

I. I Am the happieſt ere inioy'd a Loue,
u. You are the firſt did euer conſtant proue:
ly. Lye down my wandring thoughts, thē take your reſt,
an. An bleſſed once, continue euer bleſt.

Anſwere.

n. NA, he that ſhall ſtour affections grutch,
yl. Ill be his Fortune, ſince my p ayer is ſuch:
u. You loue me now, let not affections ſeuer,
I. I loue you now, and I ſhall loue you euer.

Will's *error.*

WIll ſayes his Wife's ſo fat, ſhe ſcarce can go:
But ſhe as nimbly anſweres, Faith ſir, no.
Alas, good *Will*, thou art miſtaken quite,
For all men know that ſhe is wondrous *light*.

EPIGRAMS.

Spinus his choyce.

Spinus would wed, but he would haue a Wench
That hath all Tongues, *Italian*, *Spaniſh*, *French*,
But I diſwade him; for if ſhe hath any,
She hath enough; if two, ſh'as two too many.

To Mr. Richard Moore, *one of the Maſters of the Chancery, on his name.*

FOr to be *Rich* and *hard*, or *hard* and *Rich*,
Is not thy nature, though thy name be ſuch:
For to be *Rich* 'tis *hard*, but thou haſt ſtore
Of Riches, Honour, yet of Vertue more:
Which Vertue, Honour, Riches now adayes
Being *hard* to get, *More* great muſt be thy prayſe,
So I, and all that know thee, doe agree,
The *More's* the pitie there's no *More* like thee.

To

EPIGRAMS.

To the Bookeſeller.

NAy, feare not *Bookeſeller*, this Booke will ſell:
For be it good, as thou know'ſt very well,
All will goe buy it; but ſay it be ill,
All will goe by it too: thus thou ſei'ſt ſtill.

Vulcans *Marriage.*

Vulcan and *Venus* were together wedded:
But *Mars* charg'd in, & *Vulcans Venus* bedded.
what though the Smith were black, & ſhe were white,
She might haue ask't him leaue, *for leaue is light*:
Why ſo is ſhe, what then? why then ſhe ſeernes
But to make vp the waight with *Vulcan's* hornes.

In

EPIGRAMS.

In Borachium.

Borachio ſayd, Wine made his head too light,
And therfore would not drinke it: yet laſt night
Carowſing healths, ſo heauy was his head,
He fell aſleepe, and there was left for dead:
Within a while he wak't, and found for right,
The Wine had made his purſe, not head, too light.

In Dominam Membroſam.

MAdam *Membroſa* had to me a ſuite,
To ſet forth her good parts: and thus I'le do't:
Setting aſide thy iudgement, and thy wit,
(Which though but little is) for thee more fit:
Firſt, of rare Complexion thou haſt ſtore, (more.
And when 'tis gone, 'knowſt well where to haue
Then, for thy Hayre, (nay, think not I doe flatter)
It coſt thee to the Tire man, no ſmall matter.

Fingers

Fingers like Spiders clawes; nay, not ſo thicke,
And yet to picke a Pocket farre more quicke.
Thou a ſmall Foote, nor a ſhort Heele do'ſt lacke,
Which makes thee fall ſo often on thy backe.
As for thy other Parts (which I know leaſt)
Thou get'ſt thy liuing by; ſure thoſe are beſt.

Theeues falling out, true men come by their goods.

TWo cheating Mates, whoſe only trade was ſhift,
To cheate a Countrey fellow was their drift:
The place being fit, they quarrel'd, and fell out,
And needes at Buffets they would haue a bout:
The honeſt man ſlept in to part the fray;
But they in buſtling, Nim'd his Purſe away:
Which after miſſing, he (poore man) laments,
And that he parted them, greatly repents:

But

But they being parted, part what they had got,
And laughed amaine at the poore ſimple ſot,
Swearing, the Ancient Prouerbe they had croſt,
Since they fell out, and he his goods had loſt.

On the ſixe Caſes.

No. NAnta was *nominated* for a Whore,
Gen. For that ſhe had bin *Genitiue* before:
Da. Notice hereof was to the Iuſtice *giuen*,
Acc. Who her *accuſed*, that ſhe had looſely liuen;
Vo. But ſhe *cry'd mercy*, and her fault vpript,
Abl. And ſo was *tane* away, and ſoundly whipt.
Her Caſe was ill: yet will the queſtion be,
Being thus declin'd, in what a caſe was ſhe?

Ad

EPIGRAMS.

Ad Lectorem.

IS't poſſible that thou my Booke haſt bought,
That ſayd'ſt 't was nothing worth! why was it
Read it again, perchance thy wit was dul, (naught?
Thou mayſt finde ſomething at the ſecond pull:
Indeed at firſt thou *naught* didſt vnderſtand,
For ſhame get ſomething at the ſecond hand.

On Luce's *maintenance.*

HEe that takes paines ſhall get, the Prouerbe goes;
But *Luce* takes pleaſure, yet doth nothing loſe.
Poore labouring Porters, with much toyle & ſweat,
Scarce get ſufficient Victuals for to eate;
But if that *Luce* at any time doth lacke,
She with her belly can maintayne her backe.

Peters

EPIGRAMS.

Peters trouble.

Peter is troubled with a froward Wife,
Whoſe curſtneſſe makes him wearie of his life:
The ſimple fellow, (with her rayling croſſe)
Hath often wiſh't that ſhe her tongue had loſt.
Alas (poore *Peter*) ſure thy caſe is ill,
When ſhee'le nor *loſe* her tongue, nor *keepe it ſtill.*

Parnels comfort.

Parnell, being taken in the very Act,
Was ſent vnto Bride-well, for ſuch her fact:
But be contented, *Parnell*, ceaſe to mourne,
Th'art at the Wheele of Fortune, make it turne.

In Du-

EPIGRAMS.

In Duellum.

Stratus and *Stremon* went to Field to fight,
Stratus was ſlayne, and *Stremon* taken ſtreight;
He being condem'd, was ſaued: yet by this ſtrife,
The one, his liuing; th'other loſt his life.

In Bachum & Venerem.

Bachus and *Venus* well accord together:
And whither *Bachus* goes, *Venus* goes thither:
Bachus backs *Venus*; *Venus* for his paine,
Pleaſureth *Bachus* on her backe againe.

On Venter *the Merchant.*

Venter the Merchant is runne madde, they ſay,
On the report his Ships are caſt away.

What,

EPIGRAMS.

What, did he Venter with his goods his wits,
That he is falne into theſe franticke fits?
Then, peraduenture, it may well be found,
The Sea his goods, and he his wits hath drown'd.

To the Gentlewomen Painters.

Appelles, famous for the Art of Painting,
Vnto whoſe worke there naught but life was
Had he cõpar'd, or held with you the ſtrife, (wãting;
He had not wonne, yours comes ſo neere the life:
Your Portractures you make to ſpeake and goe,
Appelles workmanſhip could nere doe ſo.

Tempora mutantur & nos mutamur in illis.

TO be a Whore-maſter, in former time,
Was by our Fathers counted a baſe crime:

How

EPIGRAMS.

How much the world's worſe then it was before,
Each Gallant makes his Miſtris of his Whore.

Ad Iur: cons.

WOrds wiſely ſet are worth much gold,
So were we by our ancient Fathers told,
And ſo we doe beleeue: Fxperience then
Doth teach vs, Lawyers are the wiſeſt men.

Tom's *bargaine.*

TOm ſhould haue payd ten ſhillings for a Sword
But would not take it on the Cutlers word;
He bid him try't, he did, at the firſt ſtroke
It prou'd not worth a *point*, the point was broke.

EPIGRAMS.

To Miſtris E. S.

LEt but thy beautious eyes looke on this line,
To ſee, as in thy Glaſſe, thy beautie ſhine,
Which beauty nature gaue thee to diſgrace
Our latter Artiſts, who make vp a face
Of ſeeming beautie, for to blinde ſuch eyes,
As with *Pigmalion* them doe Idolize.
Should I not praiſe, what I praiſe-worthy ſee,
I ſhould doe wrong to nature and to thee:
Yet, whilſt I ſpeake thee faire, ſo ſhort I come
Of thy perfection, that I'me deem'd by ſome
To light the ſhining Sunne: Yet from my hand
Receiue this graine vnto thy heape of ſand.

Epitaph.

STay, doe not paſſe! here fixe your eyes
Vpon a Virgins Obſequies!

Pay

EPIGRAMS.

Pay Tribute to a troubled heart,
T'is but a teare before you part:
And what are teares? They are but ſtreames
Of ſorrow, which, like frightfull dreames,
Diſturbe your ſences - Yet I craue
No other Sacrifice to haue:
But if you paſſe, and let fall none,
Y'are harder then this Marble ſtone.
Your loue is colder, and your eyes
As ſenſeleſſe of my miſeries.

On my Venture in Sir Walter Rawleigh's *Voiage.*

I Being perſwaded (not by reaſon led)
For Gold vnto *Guyan* aduentured;
Great were our hopes of good ſucceſſe; for none
Expected leſſe to gaine then fiue for one:

But *following Fate* (ſhe fickle) thither led,
Where neyther they of Gold nor Siluer ſped:
But, poore, diſtreſt, homeward returne againe,
Mony, liues, labour, all was ſpent in vaine.
The hopefull necke of their deſigne was broke;
For all their Gold was vaniſh't into Smoke.
Thus I loſt all; wherefore it is a ſigne
The found no Mine of gold, yet *gold of mine.*

A Data fata ſequntus.

The Motto on Sir *Walter Rawghlie's* Armes.

In Coſtum.

Coſtus his cuſtome ſtole; but by the way
The Wayters met him, and his goods did ſtay:
He it denyes, and proffers thoſe to bring.
Should proue it was no *vnaccuſtomed thing.*
He meant to ſteale. If ſo? why ſhould they chooſe
Such Cuſtomes, rather to finde then looſe.

On

EPIGRAMS.

On Smithfield.

TWas Faire at *Smithfield* once, but once a yeere;
At *Bartholmetide*: but now the Cities care
Hath mad it fayre at all times, paued it round.
T'is twentie shillings better *by the pound.*
Nor haue they much bestowed their cost amisse,
Since there's no Soile so plentifull as this;
Heere's Hay in great abundance, heads of Cattell;
As Horses, Oxen, hither come to battle:
Yet what is strangest, It nere needeth dressing.
Here is the horne of plentie. *Vulcans* blessing.

Epitaph on a Foote-man.

THis nimble Foote-man ran away from Death;
And here he rested, being out of *breath.*

Here Death him ouertooke, made him his ſlaue,
And ſent him of an Arrant to his Graue.

Cenſures on the Voyage to Guyana.

SVndry oppinions abroad are ſpred,
Why the *Guyanians* no better ſped;
Some ſay, they were preuented out of *Spayne*,
Others, becauſe ſome did returne agayne:
Some ſay, 'twas ſickneſſe: others, their abode
So long ere they put from the *Engliſh* Rode.
Some ſay, their Generall's abſence: but the moſt
Say, Captaine *Kemiſh* death, when he was loſt,
All was ouerthrowne, he onely was to doe it,
And that Sir *Walter* came but *Rawly* to it.

EPIGRAMS.

On a Scrivener.

I Told a Scriuener of his Briberie,
His Broking, Forging, Cheating, Knauery,
He ſayd, he heard me not; ſo't may appeare,
How could he heare, that had no Eares to heare?

Ad Templum pro bonis.

HAile to this holy place, this ancient ſeate,
Where Iuſtice, ioyn'd with wiſedome doth in-
Of right & wrong, & reads her ſacred Lawes, (treat
More for deuotions ſake, then for applauſe.
This is the place choſen to be the helme,
Where Iuſtice ſits, to ſteare about the Realme.
Both law and equitie, hence Iuſtice driues
The Charriot of fayre peace, and leades in Gyues,
Wrong, and oppreſſion, throughout the Land,
Whilſt peace and plentie ride ioyn'd hand in hand.

EPIGRAMS.

This is *Aſtrea's* Temple, which is greac't
With many a golden Veſſell, which are plac't
In places eminent. Thoſe *Aſtrea* bleſſe;
And bleſſing, make their number numberleſſe.

De Templo in malos.

SAint *Peters* and S. *Pauls* are in diſgrace:
The Middle Temple, that's the onely place,
Whither both Citie and the Countrey come,
As to the Temple of *Ieruſalem*,
To heare the Law, and many a Iew to proffer;
As many an angell. None muſt come to offer
A Widdowes mite: For how ſhould like the Scribes,
But by *falſe profits*, and by double bribes?
Doues are brought hither to be bought and ſold,
And Countrey Clyants bring their bags of gold

Hither

EPIGRAMS.

Hither to change Both friends, and foes, & ſtranger[s]
Are vſ'd alike, for theſe are *Money changers.*
This is a *Sanctuary* that is free
For all but Sarjants; yet we doe agree, (greeues,
There's many good, and graue, whom theſe things
Wer't not for them, 'twere but a *denne of theeues.*

Sextus Purchaſe.

IT may be true (for *Sextus* in it ſtands,)
That he hath purchaſed great ſtore of Lands:
But 'tis *conceald*: yea marry, ſo't may be,
For I am ſure 'twas neuer knowne to me.
What if he lyes? Why, then the queſtion's, whether
The Truth and Lands bee both conceal'd together.
Yea, that they are: for if the truth were knowne,
The Lands would ſoone be found, but few or none.

Mira-

EPIGRAMS.

Mirabilie Viſu.

WHen old *Pecchio* came firſt to towne,
And ſaw the Coaches rũning vp & down;
Staring vpon them long, he hoopt alowd:
The people thronging round him made a crowd,
And askt him, what he meant? Quoth he I hooted
Becauſe before I nere ſaw women booted.

On the Lotteries.

SOme doe condemne our late great Lotteries,
And ſay they were but tricks and fopperies
For to get money: This is all the thanke
They giue the Founders; yet all were not blanke.
One myracle it wrought, ſay what they can,
It made a Tayler for to be a Man.

Currie

EPIGRAMS.

Currit mercator ad Indos.

SOme fondly thinke our great Eaſt-India Trade
Hath all our other Merchants beggars made;
And that they carry men, and money ſtore,
To kill our Marriners, and make vs poore.
Theſe are confuted all, and held as vaine,
In eighteene Moneths they now returne againe:
Returne a *gaine* ſaid I? Nay, but a loſſe,
If they loſe men and money, but for droſſe.

On the High Spring tide at the Shewes at the Palſgraue's *Wedding.*

THe Sea fled in, willing to ſee this ſport, (port
That to the neighbouring Lands ſhe might re-
Their valiant Proweſſe, and each glyding flood,
Came rowling in; & each ſtreame would haue ſtood

For

For to participate theſe warlike Shewes,
So that the Thames could hardly them encloſe:
For ſome, to be ſpectators of the ſight,
Got vp vpon the bancks to ſee them fight.

On Iuſtice Ballance.

SOme doe paint *Iuſtice* ſitting in her ſtate,
With Scales & Ballance to giue each his waight:
Surely her Scales are euen, ſo thinke I,
And that the *beame* hangs not in *Iuſtice* eye.

Old Siluinus.

Siluius by Simmony a Liuing got,
And he liu'd well vpon it. 'Pray why not?
For he the poore did pill, the rich did lurch,
And ſo became a *Piller* of the Church.

De

EPIGRAMS.

De parochia beate Marie de Arcubus.

AN *Archer*, bragging, ſayd, he well did know
How to bring any man vnto his *bow*:
Yet, when he put his knowledge into vſe,
Hee hardly could ſay Bo vnto a Gooſe.

Ex abundantia cordis os loquitur.

THe mouth ſpeaks frō the abundance of the heart,
So were we taught: but they haue found an Art,
Lately at *Weſtminſter*, which is farre woorſe,
Moſt mouthes ſpeake from th'abundance of the (purſe.

Ad Lectorem Candidum.

MY Booke arraign'd for cauſes *criminall*,
Muſt dye a death which is vnnaturall:
A Iury Ignorant haue paſt vpon it,
And found it guiltie: So there is throwne on it
Many contemptuous ſpeeches, inſomuch
As I appeale to you, whoſe wiſedome's ſuch
As errs not, and craue Iudgement from your breath,
Whether it ſhall be *burnt* or *preſt* to death.

Certaine,

CERTAINE CHARACTERS,

Called

PAR PARI.

OR,

Like to like, quoth the Deuill to the Collier.

——— Ego nec ſtudium ſine diuite vena,
Nec rude quid proſit video Ingenium; alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res.

Hor. de Art. Po.

LONDON,
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1619.

Certaine

CHARACTERS,

Called PAR PARI: or, Like to like, quoth the Diuell to the Collier.

A Pirat is an excellent Bow-man.

WHo from his childe-hood being much *bent* to *rouing*, is in time become a cunning *Shooter*, and thereby hath wonne many a *Prize*. If you purpoſe to *eſcape him*, you muſt betake you to your *ſlights*: but if once he *Boord you*, your game is loſt. Adam *Bell* and his Archers gaue him firſt example to bee an *Out-law*; And becauſe in times paſt he hath beene a beneficiall Souldier to the Engliſh, hee is ſent vnto the *Marſhalſey*; for whoſe ſake, there is a *Stake or two* ſet vp at *Wapping*, for him, or any of his Companions to make vſe of.

CHARACTERS.

A Drunkard is a Maſter of Defence,

WHo dares challenge any *Dutchman* or *German*. He takes no felicitie at the *ſingle*, but dares any man at the *double*. He is but too too cruell: for oftentimes hee ſeekes the bloud of the *Grape*; ye hath he in many a Duel bin eſt for *dead*, when his Friends, taking of him vp, haue found his *crowne crackt*. Once he had almoſt loſt his eyes, inſomuch as he was led home to his lodging. And if at any time he be not able to ſtand, he may be well excuſed, becauſe he hath got a *cut in the leg*. Many times haue I ſeene him ſo ſtonied, he had not the power to *ſpeake*; yet will he juſtle any man in the Streete, and very manfully fall vpon all *fower* at a time. If perchance he meetes with a Conſtable, hee prepares for the *Encounter*, and betakes him to his *ward*.

A meere Gallant is one that playes at Noddy.

ONe & twentie ends his game; for the like number ended his *Nonage*, and made him *ſluſh*, which if perchance he be, expect him to ſhew it very *openly*: But if there come a *ſequens*, you ſhall haue him

him keepe close. For feare of *a payre of knaues*, you were best to looke to his *dealing*, lest that hee *shuffle* with you But of all things, take heede how you fall out about *scoring*; for hee is knowne to bee a great *Cutter*. If it bee your fortune to get to twentie, it is impossible for you to loose the game, because you are sure to haue a *Nodle in hand*.

A Curtizan, or a Mistris.

WHo from her youth being brought vp to *pricksong*, hath lost no time, but is become a Woman *of note*. She learnt it of the *Nightingale*, and in imitation of her sleepes, alwaies against a *Prickle*. She sings sometimes in *Parts*; but they are not much respected, because they are growne *common*; yet neuer was she *put downe* by any but onely in the *closing*, and the reason, as some say, is because she fals often too *flat*, she steales away your eares with her voice, and in the *meane time* hath many *crotchets* in her head how to *straine* courtesie with your purse. A *large* and a *long* shee is well affected with; but a *briefe* or a *sembriefe*, nothing pleaseth

her. Of all *Instruments* she loues not the *Recorder* because it makes her too melancholy. Shee hath playd at many a Marriage, yet neuer could affect *the Bride-well*, although shee hath beene *paid largely* for her *paine*. Imitating the ancient Poets, she sings her Poems in *Cars*, and the people being much delighted therewith, for the maintainance of her voyce, haue bestowed many an *Egge* vpon her, which oftentimes haue proued as *rotten* as her selfe. Faine would she haue beene a *Quarrister at Pauls*, but that she loues not to stand in a *Surplisse*: yet many times she repayres thither, especially vnto *the lower end of the Middle Ile*. She is neuer out of the *moode* but when she meetes with a Beadle or Constable, and then shee begins to *quauer*, because shee feareth to sing a *Counter tenor*. If you haue a desire to heare her, eyther shee is gone to *Lambeth* to take the *ayre*; or else you shall meete her at the next Tauerne with her *consorts*.

A Gull Traueller is the Ball at Tennis,

WHo, by reason of the later *Racket* in *France*, hath left it, and now hath tooke vp his place

of

of residence in the *Court* of England. After his passage hither, hee held vs with a long discourse of the seuerall *hazzards* he had bin driuen into: How he was *tost* from this place to that place, hauing not a few times past vnder the *line*. Neither forgot hee his rare exploy s done in the Field, in the late *banding* of faction s nor what grea *ſeruices* hee had beene proffered fo his g od parts in Court: but because he lyeth for nis v.. *tage*, which in him is a *fault*, t is fit he be *whipt* out of the *Court*.

A Swaggerer is one that playes at Ruffe,

FRom whence hee tooke the de.ominination of a *Ruffian*. Take heede how you *deale* with him, for he is much giuen to *packing*; and at play his vsuall oath is *Renounce me* He cares but for o.e g od *ſuite* at a time: and the foure orders of Knaues are his moſt familier Companions. Let no Wenches truſt him, for hee is neuer well but when he is taking vp their *Coates*, who for his ſaweineſſe is oftentimes ſent to the *Stocks*, where euery one is glad to finde h m.

CHARACTERS.

A broking Scriuener is a Barber ſurgion.

WHo in his Apprenticehood being brought vp to the Art of *Poleing*, is now made free of the *Shauers*. He hath his Shop fully furniſht with moſt rare and cunning *Inſtruments*. His chiefe cuſtomers conſiſts of Vſurers and mad-men, which mad-men he ſo hampers, keeping them *faſt bound*, that in ſixe Moneths many of them recouer their wits againe. He begins to haue ſome practiſe in Phiſicke; for if any young Gentleman be troubled with a *laxe*, he can giue him a *binding potion*: and againe, if he be bound, he can miniſter vnto him a *purging pill*, that ſhall fetch an extraordinarie quantitie of *yellow ſtuffe* from him. He neuer miſt of his cunning but once, when looking into the Market-place through a *window*, he loſt one of his eares, and neuer ſince could be cured.

A Gameſter at Iriſh is a Merchant Aduenturer.

THe Dice are his Ships, the Men are his goods, which lye in ſeuerall parts to to bee brought home

home in ſafetie In the returne, many times, his goods are taken by Pyrats, who lye in waite for them: but if in the purſuite hee can but ſafely bring them ore the *barre*, he cares not a *point* for them. If the weather be ſo tempeſtious, that hee be conſtrained to lye at Hull, ten to one but the *Ships are caſt away*. When he comes to make vp his accompts, hee *beares away* as much of his goods as he can poſſible; for then is he compelled to *breake*, which is a great *blot* to his credite: and his aduerſaries imediately *enter their actions*, and *attache his goods*: ſo are they carried backe againe to the *bilbowes*, where they lye *wind-bound* vntiil ſuch time as he hath *ſpent moſt part of his eſtate*. When his aduerſaries hauiug got their will of him, more of conſtraint thē pity, *releaſe* him.

An Amoriſt is a Painter.

WHo paints foorth his paſſions in *blacke* and *white*, and carries his Miſtris Colours in his Hat. He hath made her Picture in a Sonnet, & doth Idolize her like *Pigmalion*. If you make any compariſons with her, he will *draw*, although he be beate-

blacke and blew in the quarrell. Hee is ſo obſeruatiue, that he will not omit her *ſhaadow*, and accounts it the height of his happineſſe when hee can *frame* his demeanour to pleaſe her. The vtmoſt end of his ſtudie, is but to attaine to the ſecrets of the Arte of *Limming*, wherein being vnskilfull, hee ſometimes layes his Colours on a *falſe ground*, whereby they fading, he himſelfe is diſgraced.

Lectoribus.

FRiends *theſe are* like to like, *my iudgmēt's ſuch*,
The Deuill to the Collier ſayd as much.

Vitani deniq; culpam, non laudem merui.

Hor. de Art. Po.

FINIS.

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